

Roy L. McCardell's "CHORUS GIRL" Say! Mr. Maginnis Rides a Real Water Wagon, and Louie Zinsheimer and Abie Wogglebaum Take a Mean Advantage of the Fact. Illustrated by Gene Carr

"I DON'T see why Mr. Maginnis, of Marietta, wasn't appointed Police Commissioner," said the Chorus Girl. "He isn't hep to anything, lives far away from New York and has always been anti-Tammany. And yet they handed him the lemon on his offer to take the job. Say, wouldn't he made the fine Commish—him with that When-the-Robins-Nest-Again bunch on his face?"

"I haven't the contempt for Mr. Maginnis that Puss Montgomery has, but then she's married to him and I am not."

"The day coach is his idea of luxury of travel, and a square meal for a quarter is his way of living high. I tell you if I was Puss Montgomery, and woke up to find myself wedded to such a hard, tight wad I'd demand a recount."

"Maybe he'll be cured of financial astringency, but I don't know, kid. He pretends he had a yin for Broadway and that brought him back, and incidentally he wanted to see if his wife had married again. But Mr. Maginnis always tries to combine a well-paying proposition with pleasure, and, as a matter of fact, he came on to New York to see if he could be appointed Police Commissioner, but when they asked him if he knew where Police Headquarters was he said 'Yes,' and that put him in wrong."

"On his other visits to New York he always took the Millionaires' room at the Mills Hotel, but now, as he has a wife in New York who has friends, he doesn't see why he should be at the expense of 30 cents a night simply to pound the feathers; so he's staying with us."

"I forgot to tell you that he has come on also as a Citizens' Economy Committee to purchase apparatus for the Marietta Street-Cleaning Department."

"Say, kid, Mr. Maginnis is as aces as generous impulses restrained, but he doesn't care what a thing costs so long as somebody else pays for it."

"He's a Hiram like this: He'll come on to New York and moan that he's a Misourian, but if you're wise to it that he won't audit the yellow dog, and if you give him the six ring on the Seeling-New-York gag he'll go home and tell it to the neighbors that you're so slow it's no wonder you don't get along in the great city."

"And if you do take him around like Sweeney, just to fill up the conversation while you pay the freight, and show him all that's fine and flossy, he'll canters back with wild cries that your try-out gallops are the pace that kills. Can you beat 'em, them conservative citizens of town-hall-to-night towns?"

"Mr. Maginnis wouldn't give two cents to see an earthquake, and all poor Puss Montgomery's hopes ahead are the widow's dower."

"That's why a young girl's more tempted to be a plutocrat's protegee than to marry in haste where the heart is willing but the hand won't come open."

"I wish he'd got appointed Police Commissioner—not that the Lid Club would have made him the goat any quicker than they and the fat-foot squad do the other visitors to the city that are put on the job—but just to see what pictorial wheezes would have been made about that facial moss he wears when so many barbers are out of work. Hasn't Mr. Maginnis the mean disposition?"

"But, say, kid, he thinks he's a sport. He's brought on a box of Furrier's Delights, which he burns to a slow smoulder, because his motto is 'Waste Not, Want Not,' and they retail at two for five—and he'll irrigate if asked."

"Sure, he takes a Skelly—that's a roundsman's drink of two fingers, 'Huh?'"

"And what do you think, kid? Ever since that, when Abie and Louie take us out to dinner, it's nix on the bubble water!"

"They say: 'We couldn't think of cracking a quart, because—tut, tut, we have a guest! And we all know he's on the water wagon!'"

"Then they drench their digestion with ice water and hand out the hysterical ha, ha, to us, while they bow to Mr. Maginnis."

"Say, kid, a joke is a joke, but Abie and Louie should remember there's ladies present!"

"Huh?"

"Huh?"

"Huh?"

"Huh?"

"Huh?"

"Huh?"

"Huh?"

"Huh?"

"Huh?"

"Huh?"

"Huh?"

"Huh?"

"Huh?"

"Huh?"

"Huh?"

"Huh?"

"Huh?"

"Huh?"

"Huh?"

"Huh?"

"Huh?"

"Huh?"

"Huh?"

"Huh?"

"Huh?"

"Huh?"

"Huh?"

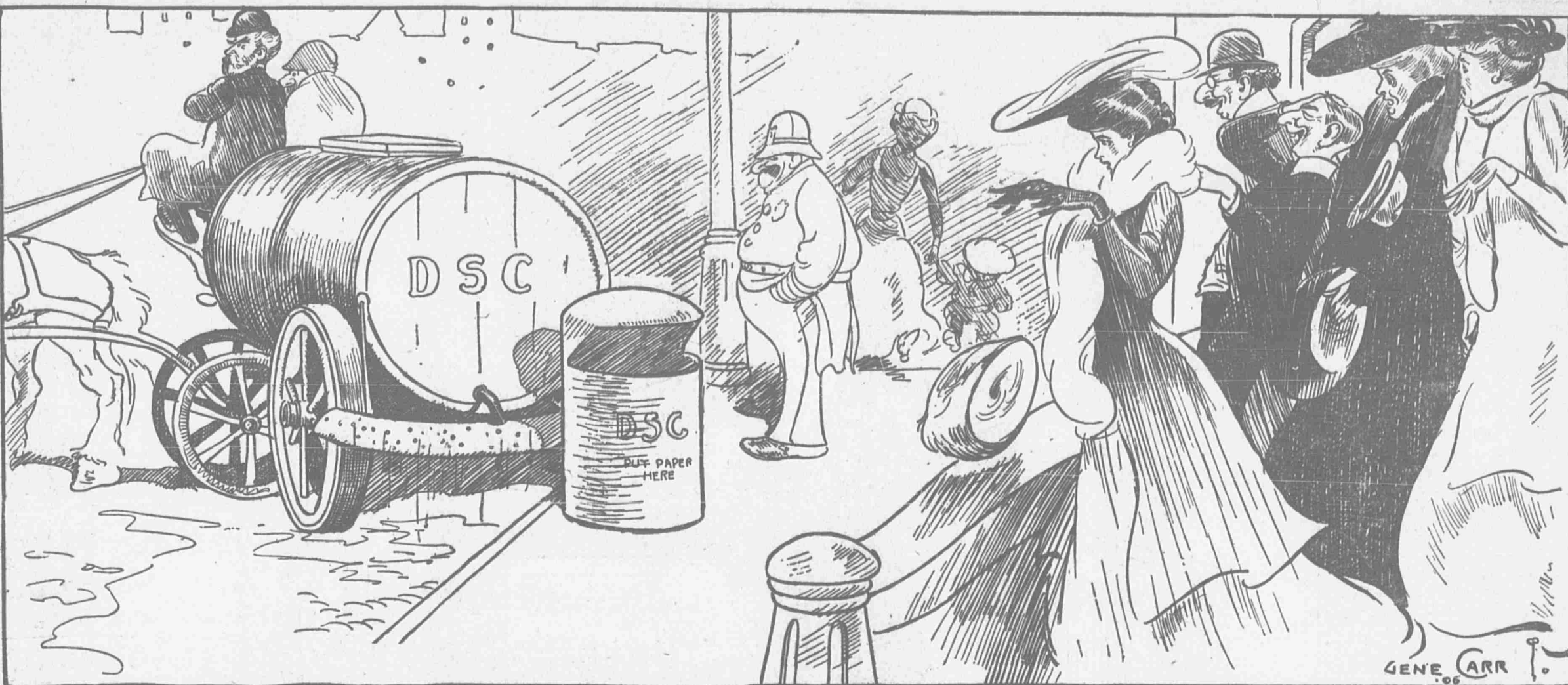
"Huh?"

"Huh?"

"Huh?"

"Huh?"

"Huh?"



"Mr. Maginnis Drives Up on a Sample Sprinkling Cart. He's Buying for the D. S. C. of Marietta, O., and Thinks He's Doing Us Proud."—The Chorus Girl.

HAVE A LAUGH WITH THE FUNNY MEN.

Chicago Tribune Man:

"As to the Panama Canal," observed the exchange editor, "I've an ocean."

"I sea," interrupted the literary editor.

"Water you talking about?" queried the poetry editor.

But they told him, in torrid language, to keep out of this muss—it wasn't his cut in.

Then the sea went behind a cloud, and the wind moaned drearily.

Samson had met the lion and torn its jaws asunder as if it had been a kid.

Philadelphia Press Man:

Miss Chumley—I hear you found the housework too much for you. Got a servant now, haven't you?"

Mrs. Newbridge—Yes, and it's rather a drain on our purse. We got along nicely when there were only two of us, but now that we have four to feed—

Miss Chumley—Four? Why, there's only George and yourself and the servant girl—

Mrs. Newbridge—And the policeman.

"But," protested the crooked capitalist, "you were so positive that you could get our bill through the Legislature."

"I know I was," growled the lobbyist, "but I couldn't touch the members at all."

"Why, you insisted that they all had their price."

"Exactly, and they all held out for it and wouldn't consider mine."

Houston Post Man:

"Don't you think her husband is naturally a gentle, patient man?"

"Sometimes I think he is and sometimes I think she's got him scared."

"I wonder what Old Bouncer's reflections are when he sees his wife?"

"The same, I presume, as when he is in a society—his bald head and his nose."

ANN A. Lyndhurst, N. J.

ANN A. Lyndhurst, N. J.

ANN A. Lyndhurst, N. J.

ANN A. Lyndhurst, N. J.

ANN A. Lyndhurst, N. J.

ANN A. Lyndhurst, N. J.

ANN A. Lyndhurst, N. J.

ANN A. Lyndhurst, N. J.

ANN A. Lyndhurst, N. J.

ANN A. Lyndhurst, N. J.

ANN A. Lyndhurst, N. J.

ANN A. Lyndhurst, N. J.

ANN A. Lyndhurst, N. J.

ANN A. Lyndhurst, N. J.

ANN A. Lyndhurst, N. J.

ANN A. Lyndhurst, N. J.

ANN A. Lyndhurst, N. J.

ANN A. Lyndhurst, N. J.

ANN A. Lyndhurst, N. J.

ANN A. Lyndhurst, N. J.

ANN A. Lyndhurst, N. J.

ANN A. Lyndhurst, N. J.

PAPA'S GIRL

At an Early Age She Learns the Perils of Going on a Skate.

By F. G. Long.



THE WIFE-MARKET BOOM

By Albert Payson Terhune

(W. Henry Connel, a hermit of Torpedo, Pa., writes to The World for a wife.—News item.)

OUT of the tall grass, Out of the woods, Comes the lone howl:

"Deliver the goods! Send me a wife! For (if so I may term it) I'm sore on the whisker-girt Role of a hermit!"

Everywhere, everywhere, Hark to the flutter! Feminine murmurs From palace to gutter:

"If you're as anxious As you profess Here's where you win out! What's your address?"

Good old Hank Connel! Answers come winging! But woe to you! woe to you! If you are "stringing" Safer an ocean

Where sharks are a-swimming! Than noisy Torpedo With a million mad women!

Streak for tall timber! If you've been joking, Nor at the buzz-saw Of Marriage be poking! But if you mean business You've but to confirm it, Your title of hermit!

The Evening World Primer.

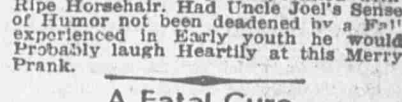
By Rob Thompson.

Uncle Joel.

HERE is a pretty picture of Uncle Joel. It is full of action. Uncle Joel is standing on his In steps, biting Holes in the Atmosphere. At the same time he is

aching "The Assen's Prayer in 35 Minor." Some one has played a joke on Uncle Joel. He has been deadened on his Deep Puffs on his pet Pipe filled with Ripe Horsehair. Had Uncle Joel's Sense of Humor not been deadened by a Fool experienced in Early youth he would probably laugh heartily at this Merry Frank.

A Fatal Cure.



This doctor concocted a pill Which once cured a man who was ill. But the poor patient sighed, Full over and died When the doctor presented his bill.

HEART and HOME PAGE for WOMEN EDITED BY NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH

THE SELF-SUPPORTING GIRL

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

Dear Miss Greeley-Smith: I AM nineteen years old, and, as my father lost his position on account of his failing health, I am compelled to help support our family. Please tell me what a girl with a common-school education could do or is doing for a satisfactory salary. At one time I did plain sewing for a dressmaker at \$4.50 a week, but that is a very small amount, considering what is expected of me now. I can do housework very well. Would you advise me to go out to service at \$14 a month, having my board free and sending my money home? If I could get a position in New York at \$8 a week or more I would gladly take it.

ANN A. Lyndhurst, N. J.

BEAUTY HINTS.

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

Honey Balm.

MARIE: Here is the honey balm recipe you have asked for:

Ointment of rose-water, 5 parts; ointment of sweet almond, 5 parts; glycerine, 5 parts; stearic acid, 5 parts; solution of soda (U. S. P.), 13 parts; mucilage of quince seeds, a dram to every pint, 2 parts.

Water sufficient to make 200 parts; oil of bitter almond and oil of rose just enough to perfume the whole.

Heat the oils and the solution of soda together, stirring constantly until an emulsion is formed. Then warm together the glycerine, acid, mucilage and about 150 parts of water. Mix with the emulsion, stirring until cold and make up about 200 parts by adding some more water and, last of all, add the perfume.

A Cure for Pimples.

J. W.—Do not allow yourself to be so sensitive about the criticism of your companions as to your pimples. It is an easier thing for them to laugh than it would be for them to cure the eruption. Try the following cream, which has given great satisfaction:

Lanoline, 5 grams; sweet almond oil, 5 grams; sulphur precipitate, 5 grams; oxide of zinc, 31.3 grams; extract of violet, 15 drops. Apply a very little of the cream to each pimple; wait until the pimples are cured before using the face brush, which might irritate them.

BETTY'S BALM FOR LOVERS.

All perplexed young people can obtain expert advice on their tangled love affairs by writing Betty. Letters for her should be addressed to BETTY, Evening World, Post-Office box 124, New York.

Is He Married?

Dear Betty: THERE is a young gentleman about my own age, with whom I am acquainted and who lives in my square. He appears to want to have me go with him. I have heard certain rumors that lead me to

believe that he is married. I was to have met him last Wednesday evening, but avoided him for this reason. I asked him one evening if this rumor was true, but he first tried to avoid the question and then said he would tell me on Wednesday. Should I avoid him or ask him directly again? He seems a very nice gentleman and well situated in pecuniary affairs.

By all means find out if he is married before going out with him. Why not ask some one else. He would scarcely tell you the truth under the circumstances.

Shall She Wait for Him?

Dear Betty: I AM a young lady of twenty-three years and am in love with a young man of my own age. He has returned my affections and now that he has gone to the home in Boston, he writes me every two weeks, and says he still loves me just the same. Kindly advise me what to do; either to wait for

him or forget him, being he is so far away, and I do not know if he ever intends to come back, although he often says he will.

I think he will come back. It will do no harm to write to him. Wait for him as long as you feel like it.

He Is a Sad Flirt.

Dear Betty: I AM a young girl and have been keeping steady company with a young man for about a year and a half. He has told me many times that he dearly loves me and that he wants to make me his wife when he is able. I love this young man with all my heart. He has been corresponding with a young lady with whom he got acquainted through a flirtation last summer. Now, do you think he really loves me when he does anything like that? Do you think that every time this young man comes to see me my mother or little sister should stay with us until 10 o'clock and sometimes later?

R. A.

The young man should consider your wishes in the matter. I fear he is rather a flirt. But there is no indication that he doesn't love you. Your mother and sister are, I think, unnecessarily watchful. It is not fair to you.

Sunday World Wants Work Monday Wonders

HOME HINTS.

Doughnuts.

ONE egg, one cup of sugar, one cup of sour milk, tablespoon of cassia and salt, one even teaspoon of soda mixed in the sour milk, large pinch of baking powder in the flour, just use flour enough to knead as soft as can be rolled out. Fry in hot lard.

Lemon Cake.

B EAT to a cream one cup of butter, three cups of sugar, then add the beaten yolks of four eggs, and gradually add one cup of sweet milk in which a half teaspoon of soda has been dissolved. Then add juice of one large lemon and flour enough to make a stiff batter. Lastly, add the whites of four eggs beaten light. Bake in moderate oven one hour.

Crisp Orange Chips.

P U T three pounds of sugar over the fire with a gill and a half of water and a fifth of a teaspoonful of cream tartar. Mix over the fire and cook, scraping down the sides occasionally, until it barely reaches the hard crack when tested in water. Turn it out on a buttered marble slab and as it cools add a few drops of oil of orange. Fold together until this is worked in and then cut the lump in two. Color one-half of it orange color and pull the other half until it is white. Work it out into a flat mass on a warm slab and flatten out the orange-colored part. Lay the white part on the clear orange-colored part, wrap one around the other, white outside, and flatten out again with a heavy buttered iron if necessary to handle it. Pull out into a ribbon, cut into chips and lay on a cool marble; leave till cold and break apart.

May Manton's Daily Fashions.



Misses' Skirt—Pattern No. 5,250. Pattern 5,250 is cut in sizes for misses of 12, 14 and 16 years of age.

How to Obtain These Patterns

Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, No. 21 West Twenty-third street, New York. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern desired. IMPORTANT—Write your name and address plainly, and always specify size wanted.